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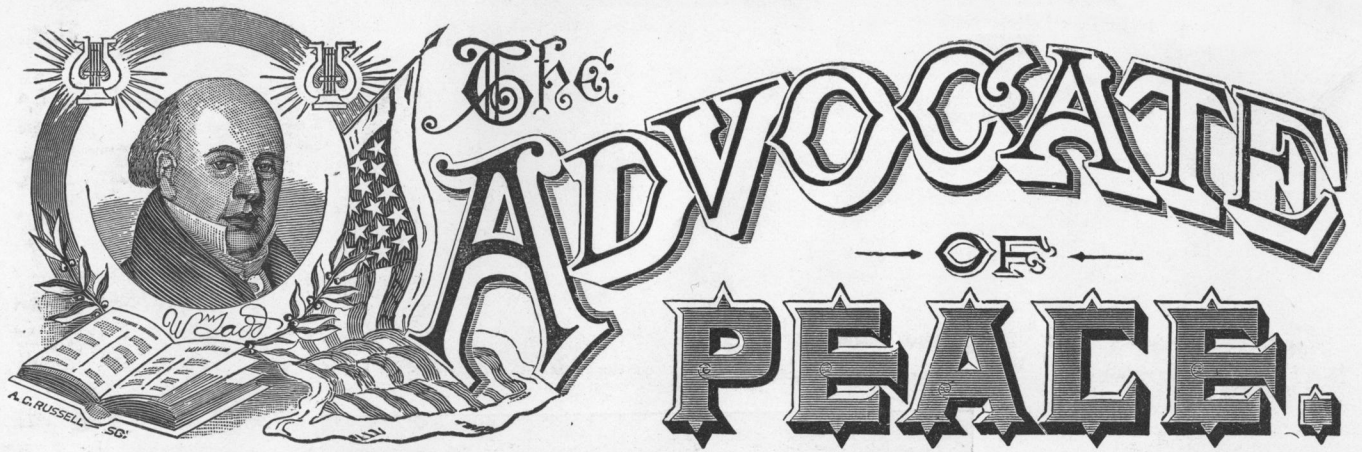
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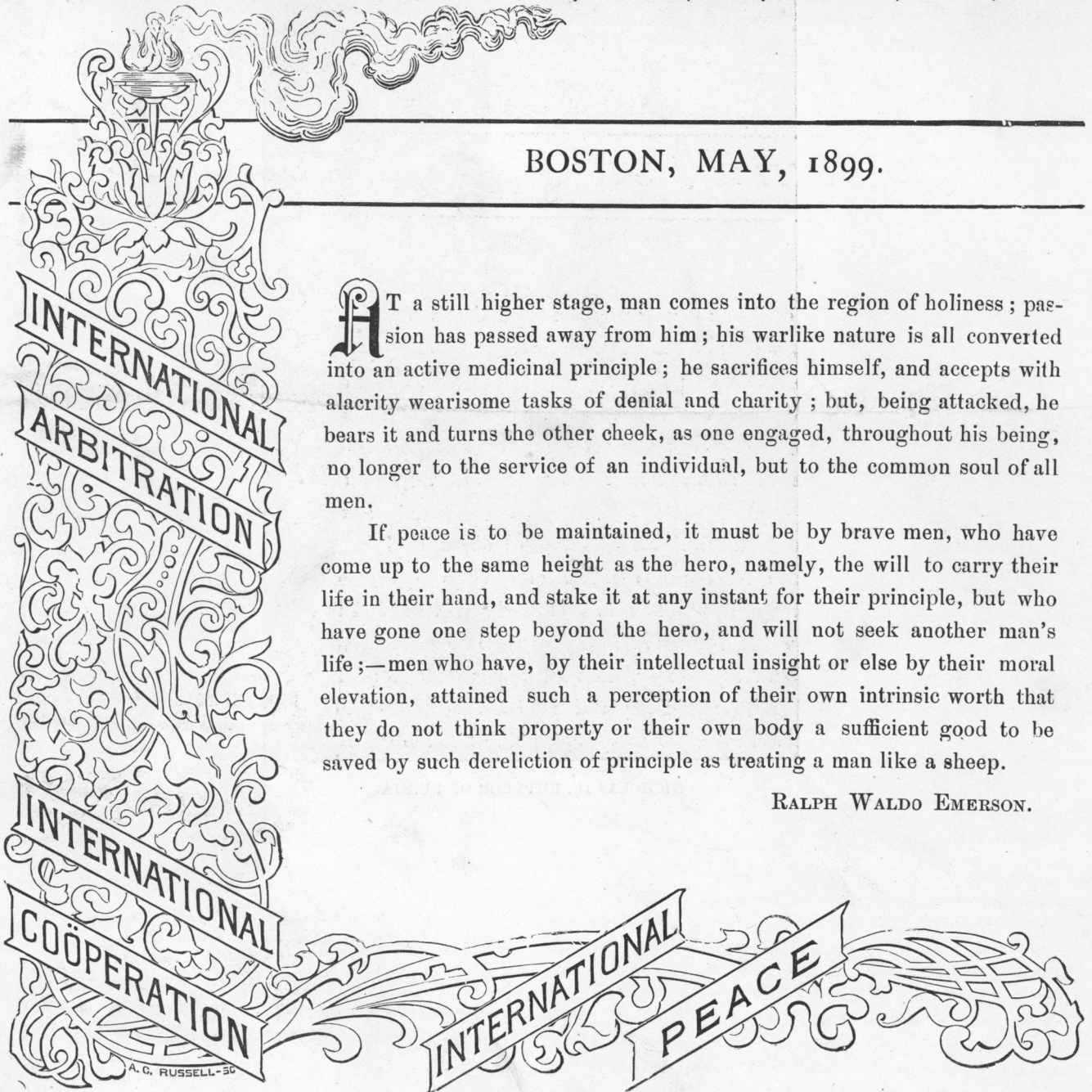


BOSTON, MAY, 1899.

AT a still higher stage, man comes into the region of holiness ; passion has passed away from him ; his warlike nature is all converted into an active medicinal principle ; he sacrifices himself, and accepts with alacrity wearisome tasks of denial and charity ; but, being attacked, he bears it and turns the other cheek, as one engaged, throughout his being, no longer to the service of an individual, but to the common soul of all men.

If peace is to be maintained, it must be by brave men, who have come up to the same height as the hero, namely, the will to carry their life in their hand, and stake it at any instant for their principle, but who have gone one step beyond the hero, and will not seek another man's life ;—men who have, by their intellectual insight or else by their moral elevation, attained such a perception of their own intrinsic worth that they do not think property or their own body a sufficient good to be saved by such dereliction of principle as treating a man like a sheep.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
EDITORIALS	99-103
Irredeemable Barbarism—Roosevelt on the Strenuous Life—Military Government.	
EDITORIAL NOTES	103-109
Annual Meeting—Secretary's Absence—Delegates to The Hague—House in the Wood—John Morley's Letter—English Crusade Closes—Dr. Abbott's Boston Address—Fifth Tremont Temple Meeting—Crusade in Baltimore—Protest against Philippine Policy—Tolstoy's Letter—Cost of Aggression—Peace with Spain—A Soldier's Opinion—British Editors to Continental Press—Events in the Philippines—Peace Work in Worcester—Harvard-Princeton Debate.	
BREVITIES	109
In Gladstone's Day and Now, <i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> .	110
Labor's Contribution to Peace, <i>Samuel Gompers</i> . . .	110
Women's Work for Peace	112
Development of the Peace Ideal, <i>Julia Ward Howe</i> .	112
Let us Demand the Uttermost, <i>Mary A. Livermore</i> .	113
Count Tolstoy's Opinion of the Czar's Conference. . .	115
The President's Opportunity	117
A Cruel Blow at Independence.	117
The Duty of America.	117

Irredeemable Barbarism.

Each war that comes along adds so much more proof—not a different kind, but so much more in quantity—that the evil can never be changed in character. War is “the business of hell”, as John Wesley said, and it cannot be made like heaven. It is “cruelty”, as General Sherman declared, and the cruelty can never be taken out of it. It is “the business of barbarians”, as Napoleon in a sane moment confessed, and when professedly civilized men engage in it, the barbarousness of it is not relieved but becomes all the more evident. Until warriors quit shooting, stabbing with the bayonet, throwing shrieking shells, rushing in furious charges, bombarding cities,—until the sinuous, lying arts of strategy are abandoned, and hate and vengeance are dead, war will remain in essence, so long as any of it remains at all, the same brutal thing that it has

always been. Take all these away, and you will have civilized war—out of existence.

A little while ago we were writing of the ghastly horrors on the shattered and burning Spanish war-ships at the battles of Manila and Santiago. But America shut her eyes and said it was all right because *she* had done it. Then came the story of the merciless mowing down of the Dervishes in the Soudan by General Kitchener's troops, and the wholesale killing of the wounded on the battlefield of Omdurman. A part of England, a very small part, confounded and humiliated, uttered a low cry of shame and protest. But that was all. England said it was all right, magnificent, glorious! It was done for righteousness' sake! And the low cry of shame and protest in which the voice of God was heard was stifled by the great cry of imperial selfishness going up throughout the land. It is hard to believe in God, to believe in civilization, to believe in anything good, in the presence of such exhibitions in His name. If God is in them, inspiring them,—but He is not in them. He must be sought elsewhere. It is by other agencies, despised and rejected of men, that He is working out the foundations of His kingdom in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, and one of these days all these “glorious” American and British deeds of blood will be burned up as trash and never mentioned again to all eternity.

In the Philippines civilization has lost its intelligence, its conscience, its heart. It has reverted to pure barbarism. It is hard to look at the cold facts in the case, as they are becoming known through several channels, and not sympathize with the poor soldier,—out there against his will, doing deeds at the command of the government, of his “superiors”, the blackness of which he will never be able to efface from his soul—who writes home to his family